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ciples respecting the Notes of the Church we add, in the third place, the admission of our opponents themselves. Cardinal Hosius writes—"It cannot be denied that sound doctrine and legitimate use of the sacraments are Notes of the Church." *Cassander* says—"The true Notes of the Church are the doctrine of the Gospel and the use of the sacraments." *Stapleton* makes the following important admission:—"It is by sound doctrine and the right use of the sacraments that the Church is known by the wise and spiritual, such as the masters and pastors of the Church; but by unskilful believers, and those who are children in faith, who are unable to judge of the doctrine, the Church is known by her external appearance, and the multitude of believers and pastors." In other words, the Church of England Notes are the essential and primary ones; Bellarmine's the secondary and non-essential. *Gregory of Valencia* also says—"We confess that the Church of Christ cannot want truth of doctrine or the legitimate use of the sacraments, and that where these are preserved, there is a true Church." Lastly, Bellarmine's own definition of the Church proves our case. The properties enumerated in it are the possession of the Christian faith, the participation of the sacraments, the government of legitimate pastors, and the headship of the Bishop of Rome. Now, the last of these constitutes the principal element in his fifth Note—Succession. Consequently, he ought, in order to be consistent with himself, to reckon the first two also amongst his Notes.

We must reserve for our next the remarks which we have to offer respecting the Article on the Church in the Constantinopolitan Creed.

THE DUMB VILLAGE.

CHAP. IX.

INTERVIEWS between Father M. and the Rector became multiplied as circumstances permitted. The leading peculiarities of doctrine by which the Church of Rome has innovated on the faith of the early Christians, and opposed the teaching of the Bible, were the subjects of calm and earnest consideration. The truth on these matters Mr. R. was enabled to place in a clear and satisfactory light by constant adherence to his simple and honest rule of first stating, with perfect distinctness, the doctrines of the Romish Church, as given by her own accredited formularies, and then contrasting them, as thus stated, with the passages both from the Bible, and the early writers which she adduced as the grounds of receiving them.

"I have ever found," he said, "that one of the most effectual (as it is the only just) ways of disproving the peculiar tenets of this antagonist Church was, to exhibit them with perfect exactitude. My experience has ever been uniform. Wherever I have had opportunities of examining these subjects with my Roman Catholic friends I have always had reason to conclude that the foundation of their belief in them was not the proofs put forward by their Church, but a reliance upon her infallibility as the guarantee, not merely that these doctrines are really true, but, likewise, that all she says in support of them is correct. I have always, I think, detected this extension of infallibility, whereby it is assumed, not only as the guarantee for the truth of her peculiar tenets, but also, as the authentication for all assertions which she makes in support of them. And this feeling she seems to me to encourage for that very purpose. Because when her doctrines are, first, explicitly stated, and clearly understood, and then put side by side with those extracts which are said to contain them, the latter really fall so short of doing so that the only alternative is, to *crutch up* the deficiencies of proof by the help of infallibility as the sponsor for their validity. Pretty much in the same way as if one were to urge the fact of the Queen's head on a bad coin as indisputable evidence of its goodness."

"Take an instance which will exhibit this—that great doctrine of the Church of Rome, the sacrifice of the mass. I know of no better preliminary to its refutation than its statement. Because from hence it will appear, that the real account of it is, not that it has the slightest foundation in anything bearing any resemblance to it in the Bible, nor that it, or anything like it, has been alleged by any one ecclesiastical writer of the primitive Church, but because it is, in its present shape, the sedimentary deposit which the ingenuity of the Church of Rome, bent on the exaltation of her priesthood, has excoverted as the residuum of her devices to escape the power of the argument in the Epistle to the Hebrews, namely, that repetition of sacrifices is the evidence of their inefficiency. It is a doctrine not arising from the Bible, or to be found in the records of Catholic antiquity, but originating in efforts to escape the difficulties of reconciling the Apostle's reasoning with her hierarchical innovations."

"Sanam doctrinam et legitimum sacramentorum usum ecclesie notasse negari non potest.—Hos. Conf. Petricov. Cap. 20.

"Notae Ecclesie sunt doctrina Evangelii et usus sacramentorum.—Cassand. Consult. Art. vii.

"Sic ecclesia Christi a sapientibus quidem et spiritualibus ipsis, quales sunt Ecclesie magistri et pastores, cognoscitur per sanam doctrinam et rectum sacramentorum usum: ab imperitis autem fidelibus et parvulis in fide, qui de doctrina ipsa iudicare non possunt, per externam faciem et multitudinem populiorem credentium atque pastorum.—Stapleton, in rel. prin. fid. Contr. l. 4. Art. 5.

"Nos sacrum neque veritate doctrinam neque legitimum sacramentorum usum ecclesiam Christi carere posse.—Disp. l. q. 1. § 18.

"I conceive the best method of proving this is, by simply stating the doctrine in all its exactitude. If, for the sake of exalting her ministry, by upholding it to be a sacrificing priesthood, the Church of Rome maintains that they offer to God the literal body and blood of the Lord Jesus, she does, in order to reconcile such a statement with St. Paul's, affirm that he speaks only of sacrifices of bloodshedding, but that her doctrine is this—It is true the body of the Lord is materially or corporally present (though how a body can be corporally present, divested of all these properties which constitute our idea of body, it is for those who required the evasion to explain the contradiction); it is also true that the blood of Christ is literally present. The sacrifice of the mass is, indeed, the same sacrifice with that on the cross, differing only in the manner of offering, i. e., Christ is truly present with blood, yet he is unbloodyly offered.—If this be, as she asserts, the distinction, it only remains to ask, what occasioned it? Christ is offered as a sacrifice with his blood, yet he is offered in an unbloody manner. The blood is presented in or with the sacrifice, which is that of the cross repeated: the mode of presentation differs, though that which is presented is the same. Is this distinction made because it is true, or because it is convenient? Is it to be found, as thus stated, in the Bible, or in early Christian writers? No; nor, I say, anything resembling it. Then let us first state this doctrine truly; let us, then, in the second place, compare it, as it is, with the passages alleged to contain it, and we shall very soon see that the true account of its introduction is, as I have said, the difficulty of accommodating the pretensions of her priesthood to the declarations of St. Paul."

It was in this way that Mr. R. proceeded in dealing with the doctrines, one after the other, of the Church of Rome, stating them in the words of that Church, then contrasting them with the proofs which she adduces; never once deviating from this honest and successful mode of procedure; carefully pointing out, as he went along, the manifest shortcomings of these proofs, and occasionally, as he saw it expedient, showing, by other extracts from the same Fathers, that they could not have held the doctrines imputed to them by Romish controversialists without such grievous contradictions and inaccuracy as to render their testimony utterly worthless.

"I think I have now," he said in the end, "made good, by a long induction, my first assertion, that the defence, both biblical and patristic, which the Church of Rome makes for her peculiar doctrines is a compound of two common and unworthy sophisms (you remember our good old logical names) (1) *ignoratio elenchi* and (2) *petitio principii*. For, either she covertly assumes doctrines where she is required to prove them, or she establishes something else, in reality very different, which she hopes may be mistaken for them. She either begs the question, or shows she ought to be Protestant when trying to show she is Catholic. And the reason why the fallacy of such a defence does not become apparent, at least to those who, on any other subject, are capable of distinguishing between good and bad proofs, is, that in this particular case, they approach the question, having already prejudged it. Supplementing ever, because of their belief in the infallibility of their Church, the failure of evidence by the force of authority."

Father M. had, as we have already mentioned, been greatly touched by the kindly and seasonable sympathy of the Rector. But during their conferences admiration and respect were added to gratitude. He now saw in Mr. R. a man who gave in almost every sentence he uttered, evidence of thorough honesty in ascertaining Romish doctrines; thorough conviction of their unsoundness, and singular skill in exposing them. Prepared, as he had undoubtedly been, from his own inquiries, to find much error and exaggeration in his former creed, it was new, and, certainly, at first startling, to hear it asserted by one who, plainly, was not a man to venture hazardous allegations, that the clear statement of Romish doctrines was one of the best provisions towards their refutation. Accustomed as he was to hear, and having, as he knew, some reason to believe, that Protestant controversialists but too often took their notions of Romish doctrines, not from writers of that Church, but from their own, it was a novelty, and it had great weight with him, to find now a man who gave, in the carefulness of his assertions, witness to his love for truth, pressing upon him, with an earnestness marking an appreciation of the importance of the matter, explanations of her doctrines as given by her own Church, for the avowed purpose of making good thereby his repeated assertion, that such perspicuity of statement materially facilitated their refutation; and that it was because they were vaguely understood that they were generally received. He could not help admitting, too, that Mr. R., by his skill in contrasting those doctrines with the proofs adduced in their support, had fairly justified his assertion, that "the better they were known, the less they would be believed." He was himself the witness. And so uniform was the method thus adopted, first, of stating, then, of contrasting, the doctrines of the Roman Church with her own proofs of them, that Father M., though, at first, scarcely believing the possibility of thus doubly using the Church of Rome for her own refutation, became, in the end, surprised at the facility with which he himself was enabled, by the use

of this rule, to detect the wide disparity between the claims of his Church and the extracts which she gave in support of them. Once satisfied of the fairness of this test, and honest in its application, he speedily found that these pretensions fell before it rapidly as the ice melts before the warm breath of the kindly sunshine.

But the whole value of this honest mode of procedure did not terminate here. Decisive so far as it thus went, it had yet another great advantage. No Roman Catholic will believe that his Church can venture to assert anything as a fact which is really not such. When, therefore, she pledges herself to the fact that her doctrines were the doctrines of the primitive Church, she is believed. When, in support of this allegation, she adduces passages from early writers in which she asserts such doctrines to be contained, she is believed. To suppose her mistaken would not only shake her infallibility with many, but would likewise impeach her honesty. So that even with those members of her communion who are quite unprepared to extend her infallibility beyond matters of doctrine, and not to matters of fact, their belief in her honesty prevents them from admitting that she could, or would assert the universal consent of the Fathers, unless such was really a fact. They cannot admit any reason for such an assertion except its truthfulness. But Mr. R.'s mode of procedure, which he used invariably, had satisfied Father M. that such universal accordancy did not exist at all, and thus prepared him to receive, as the real explanation of the claim made to it, this—that the necessities of the Roman Catholic Church forced her to make it. At first he found a difficulty in admitting any explanation of the claim to such accordancy but the truth, more or less, of the fact alleged. The only other expedient appeared to be, that of charging her with gratuitous dishonesty. This seemed unnecessary and unfounded. He did not see, at first, as he did afterwards, that she was driven to make the assertion. For, as Mr. R. reasoned—

"Prohibited, by her disparagement of private judgment, from putting it forward as a reliable mode of proof; excluded from appealing to her infallibility where the question was as to its truth; she had no option, because no alternative, but in asserting the whole voice of tradition to be corroborative of the doctrines which she held. The statement was not, however, made because it was true, but because it was imperative for the maintenance of her very existence as a Church. It was no gratuitous and wanton fraud. It was the pressure of her necessities constraining her to make the statement which dishonesty has employed, and exigency originated. The falsehood of such alleged accordancy has, then, its source not in the fraud, but in the necessity of the Roman Catholic Church. Her exigencies have forced her to make an assertion which serves, in other hands, for her refutation. This, the only true explanation, is neither thought of nor allowed by the members of her communion. They will not tolerate an examination indicating doubt of her honesty, which they confound with her necessities. And thus, with many among them, belief in her honesty produces just the same effect as conviction of her infallibility. It prevents examination by superseding the use of it. And for others, still more erroneously, supplements the lack of evidence which any candid examination would prove to exist."

But Mr. R. had been aiming at something beyond the mere disproof of Romish claims. He cared but little that men should cease to be Roman Catholics, unless they became possessed of truth as they were convinced of error. He knew full well there was but the one method of dealing so as to serve without injuring them. The only way he valued, or ever employed of seeking to get error out, was by first striving to get truth in. Well would it be, indeed, if men who undertake the Romish controversy would remember that their work should resemble the plan of philosophic reformation introduced by Lord Bacon. We must not forget that here, beyond all else, there is both a *restauratio magna*, and a *pars destruens*—a pulling down of the old error, and a building up of the new truth. Mr. R. never swerved from this golden canon. If his first step was to establish the disparity between her own doctrines and her own proofs, and so use the Church of Rome for her own refutation, his second, and his main one, was to exhibit these doctrines in their contrast with the Word of God. This was the antagonism which he mainly sought to establish. Truth itself was ever his wedge and lever; with it he worked for entrance and for progress.

"It has," he used constantly to say, "an expansive as well as an expurgative power. Wherever it makes a vacuum there it fills it, and occupies the heart which it empties. The vine which God brought out of Egypt, and planted in Canaan, made room for itself, and, by detaching the wild vines, filled the land. Truth is in itself expansive, and, wherever it takes hold, can only expand by occupying the place of error. It is the innermost of two concentric circles, expanding with constantly-increasing radii. Man's soul was never meant to be an exhausted receiver. If you attempt it, you make an infidel of a Roman Catholic. Empty it only by filling it. Let in the fresh stream of pure air, and it will force the bad out. I have sometimes watched water dropping on a sanded floor, and, as it got under the dust which floated on its surface, I used to think, when looking on

the unclean coating which the pure water raised from the floor in its advance—here is an emblem of the grace of God and of His holy word getting into a heart, undermining its errors, and throwing them up to the surface, and a lesson to me how I ought to proceed in dealing with those whom I believe to be in error. I am not only to work for the truth, but with the truth."

Such was the Rector's rule in controversy. "They talk," he said, "of Protestantism as a negative faith, because some of our formularies are directed against Romish error. But they forget that truth which contains a protest, supplies the void. If I take from a Roman Catholic with one hand, I will give with two; and build with cedars wherever I pull down the sycamores."

Constantly as Mr. R. had inculcated this rule, and acted himself upon it, he had never before so watched its application, and prayed for its success. It soon became apparent to him that Father M.'s health had been so sadly shattered by mental disquietude working heavily on a constitution of natural delicacy, that his days, in all probability, were soon to close. Hence, deeply interested as he then was in one who had so confided his thoughts to him, he felt that opportunities, which could not long continue, should be turned to great account. Hence he proceeded in this controversy with earnest effort so to deal with the pained and warring spirit that it should experience no want of something to supply the exhaustion and vacuity of soul consequent on the surrender of former faith; but that, on the contrary, he should supply to the hand from which he was withdrawing the broken reed on which it leant, the strong staff of supporting truth. And as he thus proceeded, never once turned aside from the purpose and plan on which his heart was set, it gave him deep and pure pleasure to witness, as their discussions lengthened, Father M.'s constantly growing satisfaction at their results. He was surely and steadily, as Mr. R. perceived, taking firm and healthful hold of those truths which he had hitherto seen afar off. Evidencing to the Rector's watchful anxiety that the place of subdued and unsatisfying error was being gradually filled by the invigorating influence of healthful and happy faith. The heavy mass of dark clouds became broken in their adherence and strength, as the strong rays of bright sunshine pierced them here and there, and rent them asunder; glimpses of the clear blue sky opened, multiplied, and enlarged, as, one by one, the separated masses rolled steadily away before the healthful breeze which swept them out of sight, until at last the unclouded serenity of new peace and hope canopied the rejoicing heart of Father M., and as their last conference ended, the solemn thanksgiving which issued from the full souls of both told how deeply each felt that God had heard and answered their opening prayer.

"Father," said Tom Connell, with some of the irresolution of a man who desired to make an important request, though utterly at a loss how to do it, "I want you just to write an order that Ellen and I may go into your house, and visit you whenever we wish to do so."

"How can you doubt, Tom, that both you and my kind nurse will be welcome to me at all times?"

"Please to give me the order, however. We may need it," replied Tom, who evidently wanted to get quickly through the matter.

He had spoken with his face partly averted. Something, however, in the tone of his voice caught his friend's attention, who then asked him, "What can you desire this thing for?"

Tom did not speak. Father M. perceived that he was struggling to suppress some strong emotion; and as the honest fellow turned unconsciously to him, saw also that his eyes, filled with tears, were now turned on him with an expression of anguish and affection. Surprised in some measure at this, he looked steadily at the working features of his humble and affectionate friend. Soon a glance of quick and startled intelligence, which whitened for a moment with deadly pallor Father M.'s wasted cheek, and then brought a smile of childlike resignation, showed that he had partly perceived the object in making the request. He sat down, wrote the order, and, as he gave it, grasped Tom's hand, saying, "You fear I shall not be long with you."

The order was needed sooner than any of the party anticipated.

Father M. was in a fever.

A stranger opened the door for Ellen, who went to inquire for him, and informed her he must be kept quiet, and could not be allowed to see any person.

"But I have nursed him before in a worse fever than, I hope, this. He promised me that no one else should attend him in sickness for the future."

"That cannot be now, at all events," was the reply. "My orders are to let no one but the doctor see him."

Ellen looked hard at the man. She could not suppress a misgiving that something was wrong. The old servant did not appear, and a complete stranger was before her.

"Who gave you this order?" she said. "No one but Father M. had the right to do so, and he did not. Of that I am sure. No one in this place loves him better than my husband and myself, and we should be his attendants in sickness."

"I am here," said the stranger, "not to give an ac-

count of my orders, but to obey them. It is enough that I have got them. You can't see him."

Ellen took another long look at him. It was clear she had never seen him before. She did not remonstrate, but left the door without uttering another word.

"We shall have a scene before long, I'm afraid," said the man, as he entered Father M.'s little parlour, to another stranger who was seated there.

"Which we must, however, prevent," said the other.

"More easily said than done, I'm afraid. I don't like the way that woman looked at me, when I told her my business was to do as I was directed. We may expect her back again before long, or I'm mistaken."

"Pooh, pooh," replied the second. "Crush a man who opposes you, but talk soft to a woman. There is no difficulty that I see. We are here as Father M.'s friends. It is easy enough to say that," said he, with a dark brow, which did not look, at all events, like friendship, "and it will be readily believed. We must take care, you know, that his illness be not increased by noisy or intemperate people. So there is a good face on the matter at once. Few of the people here, Father S. says, know as much of this unfortunate man's mind as we do. The fever has just come in the nick of time to prevent mischief, if, as the doctor says, he is not likely to recover. All we have to do, until we know the result, is to keep inconvenient ears at a distance from him, lest something might slip from him in his raving which would not be for the good of the Catholic Church to transpire. If he dies, the grave will tell no tales: his heresy will die with him. If he lives, we must only do our utmost to prevent the evil of his heresy from spreading. Father S. has given us careful information, and will, I hope, get the place for his pains. It is lucky this sickness came so soon after the letter in which he resigned his parish, and renounced his faith. All we can do now is to prevent intercourse with him until we know whether he lives or dies."

Poor Father M. was wholly and happily unconscious of these precautions taken by his ecclesiastical friends to prevent, while there was the chance, which his dangerous illness gave, the villagers hearing his own avowal of his change of religion. He was now with wandering mind scorching in a fever. Tom Connell and his faithful wife had been for some time watching with grief the fast failure of Father M.'s health. With a woman's judgment, Ellen had foreseen that some heavy sickness was impending. She communicated her fears to her husband; and as a story had been told in the village of an eminent man in the Roman Catholic Church, whose dying bed had been surrounded by priests lest his rumoured doubts of the Catholic faith should get confirmation by the test of a fatal sickness, Ellen thought the coadjutor was just the man to advise or to do, the like with Father M., if there was any opportunity offered of doing it with safety. Hence it was, that in order to provide against the success of any such attempt, if made, she pressed upon her husband to obtain from Father M. a written order, which would put it out of the power of any one to exclude them, appointing them to be his attendants in case of any serious illness.

Father M.'s parlour precautions had not anticipated this expedient of a woman's wisdom. They thought their case a very plausible one. Father M. had no near relatives. He was now dangerously ill, and required watching, and to be kept perfectly free from all disturbance. Such was the account of their interference which they arranged to circulate. They had undertaken the charge at the request of some of his friends. It was one, as they thought, likely to silence, or to satisfy curiosity.

But it did not satisfy Tom Connell or his wife. Ellen's suspicions had been thoroughly confirmed, and her determination was soon taken. Tom first proceeded to the Rector to inform him how matters were; and, having arranged with him what their immediate steps should be in case of any difficulty (which Mr. R. did not anticipate) being now made to his admission, proceeded alone to Father M.'s house, and the door having been opened, thus addressed Ellen's foe:—

"Do you know Father M.'s handwriting? If you do not, Father S. is not far off, and he does."

"What do you want here?" replied the man, rather perplexed by such an unusual prelude.

"Entrance," answered Tom, who didn't mean to waste words.

"You can't have it," was the answer.

"Look at this, then," said Tom, producing his cherished order, but holding it securely.

The man was completely taken by surprise. It was an unmistakable authority for admission, and Tom's manner was just that of a man who knew the power it gave him.

"Have you read it?" said Tom.

"Yes."

"I mean to go in then," said our resolute friend; "and my wife means to do the same."

"You must wait until I speak to those who have given me my orders."

"When you give me my orders from Father M. in his own writing to stay out, I will," said Tom; "but as you won't, and as I have my orders to go in, here's just the way I mean to act upon them."

Before his querist was aware of his intention, or could, if so minded, prevent him, Tom's colossal bulk entered the doorway, and passed it. He then laid his hat beside

him and sat down in the hall, quite at his ease, waiting, evidently, for a fresh arrival. A gentleman, in the garb of a priest, stepped from the parlour at once, and said—"Who are you, and who gave you liberty to enter here?"

"My name is Tom Connell, and this order," replied Tom, exhibiting it, "is my authority. I don't like talking, for it makes a noise, and as I didn't intend to be refused, I stepped in quietly, and don't intend to step out for a while."

"Do you mean to force your attendance on a dying man, and will you, or those who sent you, guarantee the consequence?"

"As for that matter," said Tom, "there is neither force nor consequence. It will be a new thing if any one is the worse for Ellen's attendance. But you need not be a bit angry or uneasy, for you are quite welcome to see all she does. Only mind this, stay here she will."

A gentle knock announced a new comer. Tom, who had been expecting it, opened the door, and Ellen was added to the party. Her cloak and bonnet were now laid aside with the quiet decision of one who knew her purpose, and meant to carry it out.

The others, surprised and irresolute, could make no further opposition, especially as the unexpected production of the order convinced them that the interference which they meditated, had been suspected, and provided against in this way.

"You may now act as you please," said the gentlemen; "but remember that you are answerable for any evil results."

"You are quite right, sir," said Tom; "for if you had refused us entrance we had a friend outside who would have helped us to find out by what authority you, who are, as far as I know, strangers, took it upon you to refuse an order, which Father M. gave, for admission into his own house. The less said, however, the soonest mended."

Long and tenderly did Ellen continue her watch. Day and night alike witnessed her unwearied vigils. Glad tears came at last when Father M.'s eyes met hers with a look of such touching and thankful recognition as thrilled her heart; for she knew then the disease had departed.

Yes. It was gone. But only from a dying man. The sore strife had proved too much, and Father M. was passing to his rest, gently as the wearied infant is hushed to repose on its mother's bosom. But, oh, how gloriously that waning light sprang again into short brightness ere its last ray darkened. How the bruised flower shed rare fragrance around ere it folded its leaves, and withered for ever. Doubt, strife, and weariness all have passed away. The elemental war of a troubled mind was over, and the sun of righteousness was now shining unclouded in brightness in the purified heaven of a happy spirit. Who are they that now, hour by hour, bend over a dying bed, and listen with rapt ears to the fervid words of jubilant hope which burst from pale lips, and stir with holy joy the hearts which they reach and kindle? Whose are the voices which now mingle together, and swell with their acceding waters into the full stream of exulting gladness? Whose knees are those that bend in thankfulness? whose hands now lifted up in praise beside the bed, which is not to them of trembling death, but of assured life? They are those of true-hearted Tom Connell, of earnest, affectionate Ellen, and of prayerful Mr. R. The chamber door is not closed. Wondering men steal in, awed and noiseless, to take their last look, and bend down, bidden by a sweet smile, to receive a last blessing. The Rector now walks in the broad light of the fair day into Father M.'s house; people move reverently aside as he passes. It is known well that he goes to pray with a joyous and dying man whom he loves as his own soul. Father S. is not there to frown them down with his looks of dark distrust. He sits in his own room, touched and trembling. Tom Connell has carried to him, in all its tenderness and love, the dying message to him of Father M. It has touched him so deeply that he trembled as he received it. The remembrance of the dead will cling to him, and he cannot shake it off. Little children linger as they pass, and look timidly up to the curtained window of the chamber where they know kind Father M. is waiting for death. Some one tells them that he is dying a Protestant. So young are they that they wonder what it means, and only think it must be something very good. Their eyes are again fixed there. They cannot tell what it is that draws them. They hear but one cry. It is the true heart of a woman breaking into grief which she cannot longer suppress. They see now that the room is darkening with the closing shutter. "The silver chord is loosed;" "the golden bowl is broken;" the spirit is returned "to God who gave it." And the memory of Father M. is all that survives of him in "The Dumb Village."

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